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INTemperance

A POEM

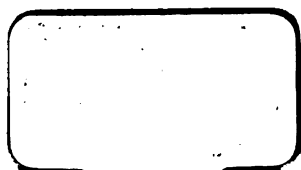
BY

J. W. G.

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INTEMPERANCE.

AN ETHICAL POEM

IN THREE PARTS.

BY

J. K. C.



DUBLIN:
JAMES DUFFY AND SONS,
15 WELLINGTON QUAY,
AND 1A PATERNOSTER ROW LONDON.
1876.

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PREFACE.

WHEN a writer presents to the public an Essay, Book, or Poem, he generally does so with a modest apology or explanation, assigning the reasons that led him to publish it, and expressing a hope that the reader will pardon the intrusion, patronise the work, and derive some pleasure or profit from its perusal.

If such a Preface is deemed necessary by literary athletes, conscious of their strength and confident in their intellectual prowess, how much more necessary does it become in a nameless and fameless writer like the present?

The present writer, however, deems it unnecessary, conscious though he is of its many imperfections, to make any apology for presenting to the public the following Ethical and Didactic Poem on the prevailing and destructive vice of Intemperance, "the direful spring of woes unnumbered". An effort, no matter how humble, to promote the great virtue of Temperance, needs, he is persuaded, no apology. He feels, however, that his having preferred poetry to prose needs a word of expla-

nation. He has not done so without reflection. Not having been a trained soldier in the ranks of literature, but rather an undisciplined volunteer, he feared he would find himself too much encumbered by the heavy armour of prose, and therefore preferred the bow of Apollo to the sword of Achilles, as more congenial to his taste and suited to his strength. If he has recently taken aim at the Goliath of Materialism, and if he now shoots his arrows amongst the Philistines of Intemperance, it is not because of any overweening confidence he has in his own skill or strength, as in the righteousness of that cause which makes war upon the giant evils—Infidelity and Vice. He considers that a gallant though unsuccessful effort on the part of the weak is calculated to animate and encourage the strong to spring forward and repel the invading foe. So great and widespread has become the evil of intemperance, that every one able to do so should render what assistance he can to the gallant army of Gedeonites—preachers, orators, lecturers, and journalists—who, armed with the trumpet of truth and the torch of experience, are bravely fighting in the cause of Temperance. If “the poet is a preacher with the universe for his congregation”, and if “a verse may reach him who a sermon flies”, those gallant soldiers, in their war on the Madianites of Drink, will not refuse the aid of an auxiliary poet, unestablished though his claim be to the

honourable appellation. Poets, from Anacreon to Moore, from Horace to Burns, have done so much injury to the cause of Temperance by their ill-bestowed praises on Bacchus and John Barleycorn, that the muse of Temperance is bound, as far as in her lies, to repair the evils their laudatory verses have done to humanity.

A friend, with a view of dissuading the writer from writing in verse, remarked to him that poetry is not read nowadays, or, if read in the drawingrooms of the great, it is not so much to improve the taste or to mend the morals, as to indulge the vanity of the readers by enabling them to boast the acquaintance of some titled poet or pensioned laureate, the favourite of the gods in the Olympus of fashion. If good poetry is not read and admired, so worse for the age in which we live. It is another proof of its degeneracy and of its material tendencies. The writer does not expect that any thing that he writes will be read by the great or praised by the titled; but there is room enough, he thinks, for moral essays to do good without taking such aerial flights. He writes for the many, and he hopes some of the many will take his lessons to heart, and aid in checking the dreadful vice of intemperance. He shall be more than rewarded if his Essay become the humble instrument in the hands of Providence, of reforming one drunkard, or of keeping one temperate youth from becoming one. Fame and fortune

are slender rewards compared with saving families from ruin and souls from destruction.

Some who are not without a taste for poetry, seem to have no relish for Ethical or Didactic Poetry, of which the writer has ever been fond, and which has been to him during life a source of greater pleasure and keener enjoyment than the sparkling glass has been to others. For the benefit of this class of readers, whom he wishes to convert to his own views concerning this species of poetry, he takes the liberty of quoting the words of Lord Byron, whose judgment of all kinds of poetry no one will question, and whose praise of moral poetry no one will suspect. What says this great authority of ethical poetry, which some seem not to relish and others to undervalue? Here are his words: "In my mind, the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects is moral truth. What made Socrates the greatest of men? His moral truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than His miracles? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to His Gospel by the Deity Itself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry? and are we to be told this by

one of the priesthood? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the 'forests' that were ever 'walked' for their 'description', and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly*, a finer poem than the *Æneid*. Virgil knew this; he did not order *them* to be burned.

'The proper study of mankind is man'.

It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call 'imagination' and 'invention', the two commonest of qualities; an Irish peasant with a little whisky in his head will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth a modern poem". Lord Byron adds: "In my mind, the latter (ethical) is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in verse which the greatest men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom is the only true '*poet*' in its real sense, the '*maker*', the '*creator*'. Why must this mean the 'liar', the 'feigner', the 'tale-teller'? A man may make and create better things than these".

After this high and impartial testimony to the dignity and excellence of ethical poetry, the writer of the following poem needs no apology for presenting it to his readers,

and soliciting their patronage. If he has not succeeded to their wish or to his own, they will readily accord to an humble and unknown writer, who hopes neither fame nor fortune from his verses, the merit of an honest and earnest endeavour to "reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom", and "to make men better and wiser".

September 8th, 1876.

INTEMPERANCE.

AN ETHICAL POEM.



PART I.

When Patriots labour with such earnest zeal,
To raise their country, and her wounds to heal,
To rend the chains that tyrants round her cast,
To glad her heart with freedom's sweet repast;
To point the path to glory's distant goal,
And fire with ardour her long fettered soul;
Shall not the Muse, though artless be her lay,
A task sublime in simple verse essay?
And do her part to lighten human woes,
And do in verse what others do in prose;
And strive by argument and candid speech
To heal those wounds no human laws can reach?
To paint before the youthful reader's eyes
Dark scenes and pictures that must make him wise,
That he may shun the danger and beware,
And fly in time the devil's wicked snare;

And, as a friend, to take his hand, and show
 The darkest, deepest fount of human woe,
 That sends its poison through a thousand rills,
 And fills the earth with sin and social ills?

What is that source, O Muse impartial, tell,
 Whose poisoned fountains seem to spring from hell,
 Whose sparkling waters tempt the traveller's eye,
 Allure the thirsty till they drink and die,
 And leave their bones to whiten in the sun
 Ere half the course of active life is run ?
 That source is plain to every one who thinks,—
 That dismal source—intoxicating drinks !
 The demon drink, let those deny who can,
 Is now become the greatest foe of man :
 Nor war, nor pestilence, nor famine dread
 Ever on earth such desolation spread,
 Or killed so many in the bloom of life,
 Or caused such woes to mother, child, and wife,
 Or made such floods of tears from orphans fall,
 Or changed domestic bliss to grief and gall,
 Or made so many foes of ardent friends,
 As curséd drink which every ill attends ;
 And which, as preachers in their sermons show,
 Sends thousands daily to eternal woe,
 To dwell with Dives in the flames below.

}

To paint this monster how shall I begin?
 This fruitful source of almost every sin?
 Whose dreadful ravages no pen can trace,
 Through every country, every creed, and race;
 The frightful nurse of death and hideous crimes,
 From polar seas to calmer torrid climes,
 Destroying health, and happiness, and life,
 Exciting quarrels, bitterness, and strife,
 And driving reason from her throne of light,
 Till the mind becomes as dark as pitchy night!

What gives to man dominion and control,
 O'er every living thing from Pole to Pole?
 What gives him boundless universal sway,
 That his commands all creatures else obey?
 'T is God-like reason, the immortal mind,
 To him by heaven for noble ends assigned,
 His passions here to govern and restrain,
 And heaven's bright home by faith and works to gain.
 And what, I ask, destroys this noblest gift,
 And sends poor man like rotten wood adrift
 On passion's tide till mind and body sink
 Below the brute? Intoxicating drink!
 Yes, maddening drink, the source of sighs and sobs,
 The self made brute of sense and reason robs,
 Till he, an exile from his native skies,
 Beside the way like filthy carrion lies!

My shame and anguish every time I stood,
 Beside a drunkard rolling in the mud!
 To see a brother born with God to reign,
 Unconscious lying in a filthy drain,
 Till borne by good Samaritans away,
 Till strength returned and thought resumed its sway!
 Or else, perhaps, till death his soul untied,
 And swept from earth the drunken suicide!
 I then bethought that whisky, porter, wine,
 Like Circe's cup, transform men into swine.
 And can it be that man, with mind acute,
 Shall drink what makes him a degraded brute?
 Aye, man, so noble, with such gifts endow'd,
 Oh! can it be? I ask and ask aloud.
 Alas, it can, for view the nations round,
 Where commerce dwells or busy men abound,
 And you will find in cities and in towns,
 Where plenty smiles or destitution frowns,
 And e'en in hamlets and sequestered vales,
 The shameless vice of drunkenness prevails;
 An awful, dark, and horrid vice indeed,
 If we its malice by its fruits may read.
 It ruins health, and brings on fell disease,
 It shortens life, and kills by slow degrees;
 It wastes man's wealth and swells his bloated frame,
 And brings him fast to poverty and shame;

Destroys his vitals, robs him of repose,
 And gives a triumph to his greatest foes;
 And quenches oft in men the vital spark,
 And sends their souls to regions deep and dark—
 Those dreadful regions in the realms below,
 Where souls condemned shall never comfort know!
 It sends poor children forth to starve and die,
 Or else to worse—to crime and infamy;
 To living hells of drunkenness and dice,
 And nameless haunts of villainy and vice,
 Till justice drags them from their vile abode,
 To fill our jails, our convict ships to load,
 Or make the gallows 'neath their footsteps bend,
 And show us how the drunkard's children end!

In bygone times intemperance was confined
 To some low sots of gross and vulgar mind;
 But now 't is spread, as crime's dark annals show,
 To kingdoms, nations, classes, high and low.
 The British Isles, I speak it to our shame,
 Can no exemption from intemperance claim,
 But rather merit an unenvied fame.

We, Irishmen, which I regret the most,
 In this respect have little room to boast.
 The Irishman by nature is no sot,
 And drinks much less than Englishman or Scot.

He could not, even though he had the will;
 He lacks the cash; nor dares the illicit still
 To make his *poteen* as in days of yore,
 Since laws more stringent made him give it o'er;
 Yet in the Isle where Father Mathew rose,
 And dried awhile the source of mighty woes,
 Intemperance raises high its Gorgon head,
 And fills the thoughtful mind with fear and dread,
 And follows fast, with blood-stained wicked hands,
 Our Irish emigrants to foreign lands;
 Destroys and robs them both of wealth and fame,
 And leaves a stigma on the Irish name,
 Till oft the social and gregarious Celt
 Becomes a wreck for whom no pity's felt.
 The sober Celt, though hostile be the land,
 Is ne'er disgraced, or ridiculed, or bann'd;
 But drunkenness is potent to disgrace
 The finest people and the noblest race.
 There is no need to foreign lands to roam
 For sad examples, they are found at home.
 Would I could paint them with a master hand.
 And do some service to my native land:
 Saint Patrick freed our land from serpents vile,
 But who will cure the drunkards of our Isle?
 I now, kind reader, your attention claim,
 To show how drink affects the human frame.

It swells the liver to enormous size,
 And gives the toper jaundiced face and eyes;
 The stomach also gets diseased by drink,
 Its coatings thicken and its foldings shrink;
 The gastric fluid soon its strength doth lose,
 And bilious toppers solid food refuse
 Till tremors strong their feeble limbs shall seize,
 Relax their nerves, and lead to heart disease.
 But most of all does drink affect the brain,
 And often ends by making men insane;
 And much induces fits of every kind,
 Which both affect the body and the mind.
 We also learn by observation sage
 How cursed drink anticipates old age.
 See yonder youth of three-and-thirty years:
 His age you guess not, he so old appears,
 His sunken eye, his hard and shrivelled cheek,
 His tottering step, and hoary head bespeak
 Some three score years that over him have passed,
 While he, poor shadow, seems t' have lived his last—
 The sad effects of drink and "living fast".

Of deaths from drink we daily hear and read,
 Whose number doth all estimates exceed;
 For, who can tell them, who their numbers know,
 Since no statistics can their number show?

The deaths from drink are known to God alone ;
 But yet by figures it is clearly shown
 That in these kingdoms deaths from drink appear
 At least one hundred thousand every year :
 And this with us in this enlightened age,
 So bright, so learned, civilized, and sage !

What would old Socrates and Plato say,
 Could they return t' enjoy the light of day,
 And see us, Christians, nature's gifts abuse,
 Indulge the beastly appetites, and lose,
 For vile indulgence, health and wealth and life,
 Exchanging peace and happiness for strife,
 Contention, anger, and domestic broils,
 And scenes from which a reasoning mind recoils ?
 What would they think, when landing on our coast,
 Of all the light of which we Christians boast,—
 Superior knowledge, polished manners, nice ;
 And yet such slaves to this degrading vice,
 Which Solon made a capital offence
 In magistrates who did the laws dispense ?
 Death's penalty too the Romans did annex
 To the sin of drunkenness in the female sex.
 Oh ! how they 'd wonder when they further learned
 The Gospel teaching, and its light discerned,
 That light that shines on us from heaven above,
 True light of life and everlasting love,

A light so great the most unlettered know
 That self-indulgence leads to lasting wo.
 What would the dauntless Hector say—the brave—
 Who to Queen Hecuba this answer gave,
 When she had asked him to “refresh his soul,
 And draw new spirits from the generous bowl”?
 (And this reply, as all Homerians know,
 Was given the queen three thousand years ago):
 “Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
 Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind”.
 And what would Persius in his satires say,
 Did he behold our drunkenness to-day,
 Who, with the light of reason he had got,
 Gave us this picture of a drunken sot?—
 “The laughing sot, like all urthinking men,
 Bathes and gets drunk, then bathes and drinks again;
 His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
 And breathing through his jaws a belching steam,
 Amidst his cups, with fainting shivering seized,
 His limbs disjointed and all o’er diseased,
 His hand refuses to sustain the bowl,
 And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll,
 Till with his meats he vomits out his soul”.
 These verses tell us what e’en pagans thought
 Of cursed drink and all the ills it wrought.

The poor Chinesc, e'en at the present hour,
Show great compassion for our want of power
From drink and drunken habits to refrain,
Nor deem an effort to convert us vain.

'T is time that I endeavour to pourtray
The ills we witness at the present day.
Since no one writer could the whole descry,
Each reader can a thousand more supply.

PART II.

When our First Parents God in Eden placed,
Adorned with gifts which sin alone effaced,
He made them happy in its blissful bowers,
While yet they walked 'mid Eden's balmy flowers,
Where sickness, pain, and sorrow were unknown,
And life unending had serenely flown,
Until translated to a higher sphere,
Where God is seen in brightest vision clear,
Had they not broken one command they got,
And forfeited their blissful happy lot.
That one command enjoined them to *abstain*.
That one they broke, and hence the endless train
Of suffering, sorrow, want, and woe, and pain.
'T was self-indulgence gave man's sorrow birth:
'T is self-indulgence still destroys the earth,
And floods it o'er with desolation dire,
Consuming nations like a sea of fire,
And all the works of industry and peace,
And causing evils that will never cease,
Till all are gathered to the silent tomb,
And earth beholds the dreadful day of doom.

What vice, I ask, in these our days destroys
 All social comforts and domestic joys?
 'T is drunkenness, our greatest social stain.
 Man's degradation, and the devil's chain.
 'T is in the bowl the devil's bait is set,
 And by the bowl he fills with souls his net;
 For man, addicted to the flowing bowl,
 Breaks every law, and flings away his soul.
 "Keep the Commandments", did the Saviour say,
 "If thou wilt enter by the narrow way
 That leads to glory and eternal bliss":
 There is no other road to heaven but this.
 Who is it breaks the precepts one and all,
 And feels no sorrow, often though he fall?
 Alas! the drunkard, worshipper of grog,
 Breaks every precept of the Decalogue.

The man who worships whisky, ale, or wine,
 Has little faith or charity divine;
 And scoffs at all religion—is in fact,
 Whate'er he thinks, an atheist in act.
 The drunkard, well we know, forgets to pray,
 And daily homage to his Maker pay.

Most drunkards take the name of God in vain,
 And utter speeches dreadfully profane;
 and swear and horribly blaspheme,
 dwell on every sinful theme;

An open sepulchre 's the drunkard's throat,
 If I the Royal Prophet's words may quote,
 And while his words so pain the Christian ear,
 He seems himself without remorse or fear.

He breaks the Sabbath—lies at home in bed
 On Sabbath days, with drowsy, aching head,
 Or goes to swell the traffic that profanes
 The day of rest, and binds the soul in chains.

Do drunken children parents fond obey?
 And to superiors fitting honors pay?
 Go ask the parents of yon sottish boy
 How *he* contributes to their peace and joy;
 And they will tell you, if they answer right,
 He's their affliction morning, noon, and night;
 So much he doth their orders disobey,
 They dare not tell him gently mend his way,
 Lest he by blows their fond advice repay.
 A drunken son is a distressing sight,
 But drunken parents fill me with affright;
 For they are monsters—hideous monsters they—
 More cruel far than savage beasts of prey;
 For beasts of prey will not their young devour,
 But tend and guard them from their natal hour;
 But drunken parents are the guilty cause
 Why their poor children violate the laws

Of God and man, and run a wicked race,
 Till they become a scandal and disgrace;
 For oft they send them to the streets to sin,
 That they themselves may have their glass of gin!
 Ah, who will say of such a heartless lot,
 That hell to punish is a bit too hot?

Of all the crimes that wicked men commit,
 Of all the crimes condemned by Holy Writ,
 Of all the crimes that fill the soul with awe,
 Of all the crimes against the natural law,
 The sin of murder is, in every clime,
 The foulest, blackest, in the list of crime.
 But who commits it most, and whose the stains
 Of human blood resembling guilty Cain's,
 Which call for justice, and for vengeance cry,
 And which so oft receive a swift reply?
 Who fights and quarrels, loses all control
 O'er rage and passion and a wrathful soul?
 It is the drunkard, less of man than beast,
 By loss of reason in his drunken feast.
 E'en hired assassins oft from crime recede,
 Till nerved by liquor for the awful deed!

There is a sin, as pious authors show,
 That sends down souls to hell like flakes of snow,
 'Gainst which the greatest and the holiest saint
 Must guard by fasting, prayer, and self-restraint;

Which made St. Paul send forth a suppliant cry,
 Much though he did his members mortify;
 Which made St. Jerome in the desert groan,
 By fasting wasted to the very bone:
 And that dread sin is vile impurity,
 From which St. Paul advises all to flee;—
 A sin which Christians, filled with holy shame,
 Should not, if possible, so much as name.
 'T is it that made a God of mercy frown
 On this our globe, and send a deluge down
 To sweep from earth the lustful and unchaste,
 Whose sins had made the earth a moral waste,
 From which all moral beauty was effaced.
 This sin it was that kindled heaven's ire,
 And rained on Sodom such a flood of fire
 As changed it to a pitchy lake of gloom,
 Profound and dark and silent as the tomb.
 This sin gives devils over man control,
 And most defiles and most enslaves the soul;
 It blinds the intellect, and steels the heart,
 And most defies the soul's physician's art;
 And, even when healed, is punished here below,
 As Nathan's words to holy David show;
 For oft when sin's eternal chain is riven,
 A temporal debt remains for sins forgiven.

But, who are those whom most this passion fires,
 And fills with filthy and unchaste desires,
 And drags them down the shortest road to hell?
 Go ask the drunkard, for he knows it well;
 For he, poor creature, casts those helps away
 Which others have who watch, and fast, and pray;
 His reason fails—he knows not where he strays,
 But, like the moth that seeks the candle's blaze,
 Is half consumed before he is aware
 The light that lures is hell's infernal glare.
 If men the danger love, they are undone;
 But cowards conquer when they quickly run.
 The danger is concupiscence to ignite,
 The wisdom is to save oneself by flight;
 But can the drunkard from the danger fly,
 Who heeds not, knows not, that the danger's nigh?
 For drunken habits, like a burning coal,
 Ignite the basest passions of the soul,
 Consuming merits gained by years of toil,
 Like goods destroyed by flames of burning oil;
 Who, therefore, wish with God above to reign,
 Must here on earth their thirst for drink restrain;
 And all who wish to dwell beyond the sky,
 Must here on earth their vices crucify.

Injustice also is a fearful sin

which those commit who spend their means on gin.

Does he observe the law, "Thou shalt not steal",
 Who leaves his children not a single meal?
 Who robs his wife of what should meet her calls,
 And leaves her starving by her cabin walls,
 Without food, fire, or anything to cheer,
 While all his earnings go for ale and beer?
 Will such men give to creditors their own,
 Who wrong and rob their very flesh and bone?
 Some are, I know, unwilling to defraud,
 But when their means become like snow when thawed,
 And they must still the master passion feed,
 They grow dishonest, and acquire a greed
 For other's goods, which they are sure to spend,
 On curséd drink—forgetful of their end.

All sots become so much debased in mind,
 That truth and justice you will rarely find
 In sottish souls whom self-respect forsakes,
 And honour flies—poor, poor abandoned rakes—
 They turn from God, whom they had served before,
 Once they the filthy idol, drink, adore,
 Which most of all doth Christian morals taint,
 Whose social ills no words of mine can paint.
 A few examples will, I trust, suffice
 To show the evils of this social vice.—
 Ah! would the drunkard, as the bowl he quaffs,
 But turn and view these homely photographs,

All which, I hope, though wanting gilded frame,
Are true to nature, which is still the same.

Come, then, ere we the present times extol,
Let's view the havoc made by alcohol
Among the patrons of the whisky trade,
In every circle, every social grade.

Among the nobles that surround the throne
The sad effects of alcohol are known;
The fiery youth that boasts of noble blood,
And prides in ancestors so brave and good,
Is often seen below his grooms to sink
By dissipation and destructive drink!
The gilded equipage, the rosy bower,
The pride of ancestry, the love of power,
The sweets of music, and the charms of song,
And all the pleasures that to wealth belong,
Are not enough to satisfy his soul,
And keep him from the health-destroying bowl.
He drinks and gambles, squanders his estates,
He shames his kindred, and correction hates,
Till in the end, a scandal and reproach,
He hires himself to drive a public coach,
Or saunters like a lackey about town
With face disfigured and with ragged gown,
Or, worst of all, with razor cuts his veins,
Or with a pistol blows away his brains!

In all professions alcohol is seen
 To be a friend familiar—foe I ween.
 'Mid lawyers, doctors, artists, engineers,
 Professors, authors, he a friend appears,
 And plies his trade, and plays his wicked game,
 By falsely stating he can win them fame;
 And as to poets, many were, alas!
 Too prone to drink, too free to praise the glass,
 Which oft they praised "in honeyed lies of rhyme"—
 A waste of genius nothing short of crime.
 But how has alcohol his promise kept?
 Ah, well ye know who have so often wept
 O'er fallen genius—over minds destroyed—
 O'er brilliant intellects made dark and void;
 O'er gifted business men become a wreck,
 Like some poor passenger washed over deck.
 He blasts their business and abstracts their gains,
 Destroys their faculties, and steals their brains,
 And makes them victims of tormenting gout,
 Which pains like boiling water from a spout,
 And makes them feel how dearly pleasure's bought,
 Which by the unwise is so much prized and sought;
 Yet men pursue it till their latest breath,
 And thousands, thousands, drink themselves to death!
 Even men of genius, born with lights to guide
 Their fellow men, are shipwrecked in the tide

Which is made up of all those little rills,
Which flow unceasing from a thousand stills.

Who has not heard of that most gifted man,
The great, the brilliant Brinsley Sheridan,
Whose praise immortal, Moore and Byron sang,
Till through the universe its echoes rang?
Could aught a mind so great as his eclipse,
Whose praise is still on every scholar's lips,
And all its wealth of mental jewels drown
Till he was poorer than the poorest clown?
Alas, alas, that fatal beverage could,
Which often left him rolling in the mud!
What child of song is there but inly mourns
The harm that drinking did the poet Burns;
And thousand others, it were long to name,
Whose names are written on the rolls of fame?

A country squire, I've known, by fortune blest,
His farms were rich, his flocks were of the best,
His smiling crops were pleasant sights to see,
His health was good, his mind from trouble free;
His wife accomplished, virtuous, good, and wise,
Made his fond home an earthly Paradise.
Three children had he, one an only son,
A lovely boy, and fond of boyish fun;
These, unto whom he was to leave his wealth,
Grew up like flowers in bright and blooming health.

In proper time he sent his son to school,
Whom from his youth he taught to live by rule,
That when grown up he 'd always shun excess,
And be a man whom all would praise and bless.
Although at times he seemed a little wild,
He was, withal, a most good-natured child.
At college well he bore the gentle yoke,
And learned no luxury except to smoke—
To youthful study it was deemed no bar,
To puff a pipe, or smoke a good cigar.
From school returned, he brilliant promise gave,
His mind well stored, his nature kind and brave;
He quite excelled in hunting and the chase;
The highest fence he was the first to face;
No wall could stop him; no, nor hedge, nor mounds,
And none than he kept nearer to the hounds.
The sportsmen cheered him for his manly art,
And all the country had his feats by heart.
But soon a change came over him, alas,
Effected by the brandy flask and glass;
And, oh! the child that once looked bright and fair,
With rosy cheeks and curls of golden hair,
Is now, ere thirty summers o'er him past,
A hopeless wreck, to death advancing fast!
No length of years could so much shake his nerves;
His cheek no more its former bloom preserves,

But wears instead a kind of livid hue,
 Like swollen blister, neither red nor blue.
 He can 't abstain, although he feels disgrace,
 And doctors warn that death he soon must face ;
 He drinks, and drinks, and grows more thirsty still ;
 For he no longer seems to have a will
 Which he for good one moment can control,
 Till sudden death to judgment sends his soul !
 His parents follow soon—heart-broken pair—
 Whose rich estate now owns another heir.

I 've seen the merchant, thrifty, sober, wise,
 To wealth, to honour, and position rise
 By honest industry and watchful care,
 Till fortune crowned his life with blessings rare ;
 From small beginnings, but by sure degrees,
 He rose to affluence and wished-for ease ;
 His children owned his mild paternal sway,
 And grew as olive branches, fresh and gay.
 His daughters fair to convent schools were sent,
 Where they were taught each true accomplishment,
 And such examples placed before their eyes
 As ought to make them truly good and wise ;
 And so they were, and gave their parents joy,
 Till one dark foe did all their bliss destroy.
 When life's rough sea the father left behind,
 And feared no danger, or from wave or wind,

And all seemed safe nigh fortune's tranquil shore,
And billows rough were seen or heard no more,
The vessel sprang a leak—began to sink—
The hidden cause—intoxicating drink !
He lately thought from business to retire,
And buy estates and live a country squire,
And rank among the " 'pon my honor" class,
And view his farms and drive a coach to Mass ;
But yet thought better to increase his gold,
And wait awhile till large estates were sold ;
But ere he could a larger heap amass,
He fell a victim to the sparkling glass.
At first he feared to shock his children's sight,
And brought the bottle to his bed at night ;
Ere many weeks his wife perceived a change ;
He slept his mornings, and she thought it strange,
That he, who always rose before his men,
Should now sleep on till nine o'clock or ten ;
And yet so drowsy rise, with aching head ;
She feared the cause, although she nothing said :
But soon neglect of business, habits changed,
Dark gloomy looks, and mind and thoughts estranged,
Made clear the cause, so well at first concealed,
And Alcohol, dread Alcohol, revealed.
But yet no curing of the sad disease,
Whose fatal poison works by slow degrees,

Through heart and liver, stomach, lung, and head,
 And swells the face and makes the eyes so red;
 A heated temper and a tottering gait
 Portend a near and melancholy fate.
 The stores neglected now a story tell,
 And all can see the owner is "unwell";
 Accounts not kept, and goods not watched, declare
 There is no head to guide, no hand to care;
 Disorder, waste, and not unfrequent theft,
 Soon leave the stores of former goods bereft.
 No son to save; they're off at school in France,
 And things at home are left to take their chance;
 The sons, however, nought of business know,
They could not think of anything "so low".
 Each would be thought a high-born, scented fop,
 Rather than own his father kept a shop;
 And this while merchants' sons oft hold the helm
 Of state, and rule the widespread British realm,
 While blood as blue as indigo must own
 The force of talent, and its loss bemoan.
 Ah! would my countrymen were truly wise!
 They never would an honest craft despise,
 Nor seek so eagerly to be allied
 With haughty vanity and senseless pride.
 Were talent, worth, and virtue duly prized,
 They'd shun the "gents" by whom they are despised,

And find more comfort in the vales below
Than on the mountains capp'd with chilling snow.

The father still with drink must be supplied,
While fortune quits him like the ebbing tide;
His gains decrease, and loss succeeds to loss,
His trade becomes a sort of "*pitch and toss*".
Himself as yet enough of sense retains
To know his loss is greater than his gains;
With eager draughts he does himself console,
And marches faster to misfortune's goal;
His wife and daughters, sad and sore distress,
Do all they can, but fruitless is their best.
Delirium tremens, like a beast of prey,
Bears off its victim from the light of day!
I saw the victim in his deadly grasp,
And thought the glass more poisonous than the asp.
I never saw before a sadder sight,
Or one that filled me more with horrid fright;
There lay the patient with a burning head,
Four stalwart men employed about his bed,
To hold him fast lest he the door should gain,
And murder all while dreadfully insane!
His shrieks and cries the strongest nerves would shake,
While he would some such observation make:
"Behold, the devils all around my bed;
Oh! see them, see them, at my very head;

Oh ! hold me, hold me, for I know right well
 They come to bear me to the depths of hell" :
 And, in a moment on the saints he 'd call,
 " Ah ! welcome Peter ! welcome, blessed Paul".
 All, all, could see in his disordered brain
 What bitter dregs the drunkard has to drain.
 The doctor came, and hoped some sleep and rest
 Would ease a patient by such ills opprest ;
 He gave him drops inviting sweet repose,
 And from that sleep he never, never rose !
 His children all can tell a mournful tale,
 But o'er their woes I wish to draw a veil.

Where'er we go, through every grade and class,
 We meet the evils of th' insidious glass ;
 We find, as we the ladder's steps descend,
 The greatest evils at the lower end ;
 And as we reach the lowest end of all,
 The sins of drunkenness the most appal,
 And hold their victim in their dread embrace,
 While want and hunger stare him in the face.
 At last he 's doomed to wear the workhouse brand,
 Or sent a convict from his native land,
 Or doomed on gallows tree to forfeit life,
 For having killed, when drunk, his wretched wife.

Those dreadful things are witnessed every day,
 And all are puzzled how those ills to stay ;

The statesman dreads to pass a law severe,
 Lest those who trade in whisky, ale, and beer
 Should hurl him one day from his seat of power,
 And should his party and himself devour.
 (The whisky trade, the Samson of the state,
 Will shake its mighty pillars soon or late).
 Although the patriot agitates and prays
 To shut the whisky shops on Sabbath days,
 A Tory government won't interfere,
 So much it dreads the demigods of beer.
 Temperance unions, by religion blest,
 Are doing much the evil to arrest;
 As armies cowards with new courage fire,
 Associations members weak inspire
 With ardour, courage, confidence, and zeal,
 Which isolated they would never feel.
 Ah! Christian parents don't do all they could
 To nip the evil in the very bud:
 'T is oft in children that we sow the seed
 Which proves in manhood such a bitter weed.
 If parents pledged their children all at nine
 'Gainst every muddling drink, including wine,
 Until they reached the age of twenty-three,
 Not many drunkards would we ever see;
 Through foolish love their children oft they press
 To drink what leads to future sad excess.

Laws may on Sabbath days the traffic stop,
 But civil laws will hardly cure the "drop";
 Nor "Women's war on drink" with psalms and songs,
 No more than can the rattling of a tongs;
 'T is God alone can set the captive free,
 And heal the drunkard's awful leprosy,
 And give us preachers with the zeal of Paul,
 The land from drunkenness to disenthral,
 And priests like Father Mathew to expel
 From men possessed a vice begot of hell.—

Revered apostle, shall my humble lays
 Forget to bless thee and to sing thy praise?
 One humble bard thy memory fond reveres,
 Who has kept thy pledge for six-and-thirty years,
 And finds it still a source of health and joy,
 And blesses thee who blessed him when a boy.—

'Mongst tradesmen latterly, in towns at least,
 The sin of drunkenness has much increased;
 A fount of sorrow is the drinking glass
 Among the working men of every class.
 I 've witnessed scenes myself that would appal
 The stoutest hearts and make the tear drops fall,
 When chance or duty led me to behold
 The drunkard's home and hear its sorrows told;
 (And this remember in our island green,
 For scenes beyond it I have never seen.)

A sober tradesman can as happy be,
 As duke or earl or one of high degree;
 But since a tradesman has no source of wealth,
 But that which springs from industry and health,
 If he dries up this source of human bliss,
 He sinks at once in misery's abyss;
 And drags his children with him in his fall,
 Till want and misery oppress them all.

Behold yon tradesman with a ruddy nose,
 Bellows-like hat, and old and greasy clothes,
 With shoes so bad he'd lose them in the street,
 Were they not corded to his horny feet;
 His lips protrude, his gums seem falling in
 Like river's banks, so worn with ale and gin.
 I saw him once respected, neat, and clean,
 His home the neatest cottage could be seen.
 His wife at marriage brought him house and grounds,
 Besides a fortune of two hundred pounds;
 For years they flourished, heaven blessed them still
 With children good, obedient to their will,
 Until the father met a heavy loss—
 The best of fathers have to bear their cross—
 He bore it badly, and to drink began,
 And from that out he ceased to be a man;
 And he, as drunkards mostly do, became
 A very brute, quite lost and dead to shame.

At first to work he 'd every morning jog,
And on his way step in and take his grog—
“ To wet his whistle”, as he used to say,
And then “ a half one” often in the day.
No constitution could such poison stand,
And soon he felt a tremor in his hand,
And then a weakness and a loss of sight,
And, as it happens, loss of appetite,
Except for drink, which grows and grows apace,
Though weak his limbs, and worn and wan his face;
His strength so fails his trade he must give up,
But not, alas, the trading in the cup !
His temper, once so gentle, calm, and mild,
Grows sharp and heated, desperate and wild.
His calls for drink his wife dares not resist,
Or if she does, she 's sure to get the fist;
And much she fears to raise a drunken brawl,
And yields through shame till he has spent her all;
The money spent, the clothes to pawn must go,
And then begins the darkest scene of woe !
For, thanks to drink and to a drunken sire,
The children watch a hearth without a fire;
They 're left without a meal of earthly bread,
And sleep at night on shavings for a bed !
No sheet or blanket, but their daily clothes,
To warm their limbs, or tempt to soft repose.

The neighbours pity, and their meals divide,
 Till fever found them, and the mother died !
 The children good, when left without a meal,
 Were often forced by dire distress to steal ;
 The eldest son was taken and sent to gaol,
 And devilish ruffians did with gifts assail
 The daughter whom, good heavens ! the watchman meets—
 And drink the cause !—an outcast on the streets !
 The hell-born draught shall not the Christian shun,
 Ere country, home, and morals, are undone ?
 'T were long to tell one-half what I have seen ;
 Ere half were told, dark night would intervene.
 I 've seen the labourer's cot when home he came,
 Bellowing, swearing by the Holy Name !
 Rising, falling, tottering when he could,
 His clothes all covered with the filthy mud.
 When home he came, " drink", " drink", was still his cry,
 But drink his starving wife could not supply :
 He seeks a weapon, fills her with alarms,
 She lifts the child and holds it in her arms ;
 But he, the monster with a soul defiled,
 Has no regard for mother, wife, or child ;
 He knocks them down. Two neighbours passing by,
 Now hear the mother moan, the infant cry,
 And come in time to save the two from death,
 And seize the fiend with rage quite out of breath.

Releasing wife and child, they hasp the door,
 And leave the drunkard sprawling on the floor ;
 He rises soon, in rage breaks all the delf,
 And guts the house—I 've seen the wreck myself.

I 've often seen amidst uproarious noise,
 And shouts and whistles of unruly boys,
 The drunkard dragged along to barrack cells,
 And heard his roaring and terrific yells—
 Saw him resist, and lie upon the ground,
 Roaring, foaming, kicking, all around ;
 I saw the constables the drunkard drag
 Along the street, as children do a bag,
 And often saw—good reader, do not start,—
 The speechless drunkard borne upon a cart,
 As from a timber yard they bear a log,
 Or from the shambles bear a lifeless hog !
 How long, I said, till this dark vice is bann'd,
 And banished quite from every Christian land?—
 And, gracious heaven, may I the favour ask
 That for my country be reserved the task—
 For faithful Erin, lovely, chaste, and brave,
 The widowed Judith of the western wave,
 Her children, self, and nations round to free
 From the Holofernes of ebriety !

The muse reluctant must at length declare,
 The demon, alcohol, pursues the fair ;

And ah! what foe can do them so much harm,
Can stain their souls, and blight their every charm?
For if they learn in this to seek their joy,
'T will every source of social bliss destroy.
If woman largely shares the flowing bowl,
She 'll cease t' impart the nectar of the soul;
She 'll lose the grace of polished wit refined,
And stain the mirror of her spotless mind,
Wherein when man beholds his sinful face,
He oft repents and yields at length to grace.
If she who saves him by persuasion soft,
Should raise herself the tempting bowl aloft,
Who then will tend the leper? Who will care,
If she who tends him drives him to despair?
When woman drinks, 't is hard to make her stop
As dry th' Atlantic ocean with a mop.
Such is her nature, if she once begin
To take delight in whisky, rum, and gin;
Her indoor life, her many anxious cares,
Augment the danger and increase the snares.
If ladies drink, the would-be ladies too
Will ape the fashion, and the game pursue;
The servants seeing, when they view the shelves,
Their mistress drinks, will learn to drink themselves.
If husbands watch, they will the conscience stretch,
And drinks by stealth unto their mistress fetch;

And if she fails to know what drink is left,
 The servants take, and add the sin of theft;
 And hence a flood of evil flows around,
 Till wealthy homes are level with the ground.
 Unstable is the castle as the cot,
 If wife or husband once becomes a sot.

I heard myself a well-known doctor say,
 Whose practice in a wealthy city lay,
 That wealthy babes, arrayed in costly silk,
 Are often drunk upon their mother's milk.
 If so, can ladies hope their child full grown,
 Will not to drink and drunkenness be prone?
 I heard from others, and believe the same,
 That doctors too are very much to blame
 For great abuses 'mong the rich and great,
 Which ill become their high, exalted state.
 For ladies weak, and mothers while they nurse,
 They order stimulants that prove a curse;
 To strengthen patients, or perhaps to please,
 Some doctors give what breeds a worse disease.
 When women's thoughts run in the drinking groove,
 The doctor's stimulants they soon improve,
 And fancied sickness will too soon give place
 To real sickness, scandals, and disgrace.
 Be cautious, doctors, I sincerely beg,
 Ere ordering brandy and a broken egg

For ladies weak, though high their moral tone,
 Lest they may add prescriptions of their own.
 I know no scandal can at all surpass
 What ladies give addicted to the glass,
 With us the scandal is confined to few,
 And I shall not th' unpleasant theme pursue.

Two hapless females I have seen expire,
 Who died from drink by falling into fire;
 While one was burning, on her hearthstone laid,
 Her son was near, but could not render aid,
 For he was drunk when in a neighbour came,
 And found his drunken mother in a flame.
 A sight more shocking no one could behold:
 The mere remembrance makes the blood run cold!
 Poor tradesmen's wives—I knew their husbands well,
 And could the names of all the parties tell—
 I saw the flesh fall roasted off their bones,
 And heard their dying, muffled, awful groans;
 They still were drunk upon their dying bed,
 Till death in pity cut the slender thread!

'T is not to libel, satirize, or vex,
 I speak of drinking in the female sex;
 But just to warn them 'gainst the serpent's wiles,
 Who lies concealed 'neath laughs and social smiles,
 Whose nature is to flatter and deceive,
 As when he tempted our first mother Eve;

And now as then (let this be understood)
He tempts by promise of apparent good,
He tempts to drink by lies and cunning stealth:
"Just take a little: it will serve your health".
It is that fatal little opes the way
To greater evils than I can pourtray.

Is there no help on earth, no hand to save
The land we love from drink's destructive wave,
Which floods our isle with sorrows dark and deep,
Breaks many a heart, makes many an eye to weep,
Spreads ruin wide where plenty reigned before?
May heaven, I pray, expel it from our shore,
Till time shall cease, and sin shall be no more.

PART III

Ere I, dear Reader, do my theme dismiss,
Let 's go in spirit to the deep abyss
Where Dives dwells in everlasting fire,
And gluttons who in mortal sin expire;
And view with eyes of faith their torments there,
Their loss, their groans, their howlings, and despair,
That we may all a fruitful lesson read,
And sober Christian lives henceforward lead.

Forbid it, Lord, Thy mercy I should bound,
Or say who is it has not mercy found;
The thief repentant found it on the cross,
The prodigal also, and repaired his loss;
Magdalen found it when with love sincere
She kissed Thy feet and shed the burning tear;
St. Peter found it when Thy loving eye
Shed pity on him—made him weep and cry—
And opened fountains, as tradition speaks,
Which ever after furrowed down his cheeks.
We all expect Thy mercy, and we pray
We all may find it on our dying day,

And through Thy mercy never, never know
Or taste the torments of the damned below.

No Christian should, tho' great his sin, despair.
Let him repent, and heaven will hear his prayer,
And turn to God, no matter how depraved,
Since God, we know, wills all men to be saved,
And wills that sinners should repent and live,
And praise eternal to their Maker give.
The words of Scripture have most clearly shown,
If man be lost, the fault is all his own ;
God made him free, and easy precepts gave
Which all can keep who wish their souls to save.
Since God wills not the sinner's soul should die,
He will to man the needed grace supply :
(The grace of God we always, always, need,
To think, to speak, to do the slightest deed,
That doth to God and to his glory lead).
Let man but pray and always do his best
To save his soul, and heaven will do the rest ;
But some there are, indifferent to their fate,
Who live as if there were no future state ;
As if indulgence were the final goal,
The ultimate end and heaven of the soul !
'T is well to hope for mercy and to trust,
But yet to fear since God is also just.

We all should fear and tremble for our sins,
 Since wisdom true in holy fear begins:
 Nothing so much this holy fear inspires
 As meditating on eternal fires.
 If sinners thought this awful subject o'er
 They 'd soon amend their lives and sin no more,
 And cease to travel by the beaten road
 That leads to hell, the devil's dread abode.
 All, all, should fear, but drunkards most of all;
 If others sin, they can for mercy call,
 And if sincere, and sorry for their sin,
 May, with their latest breath, salvation win,
 As they can pray, implore, and be contrite:
 Not so the dying drunkard—awful sight!
 He dies in sin as senseless as a clod,
 And in this state appears before his God!
 The drunken wretch, of sin the veriest slave,
 Feels not his loss, cannot for mercy crave.
 In drink he dies, and goes his God to meet,
 And, quick as thought, is at the judgment seat.
 No mercy sought he, for he never thought
 Of death or judgment, when *that* drink he bought,
 Ah, never dreamed of death's cold dread embrace,
 Until he stands a culprit face to face
 Before the Judge who 'll judge the human race—

That Judge whose mercy he had long despised,
Whose love he valued not and never prized,
Whose law he broke without the least remorse
Until the moment he became a corse.
How altered now he finds the Judge's mien !
Once meek and gentle, placid and serene,
Clad *then* in mercy—*now* in justice bright,
Which makes e'en angels tremble in his sight,
For who can gaze on justice infinite ?
The gentle voice that once in sweetness spoke,
Inviting all to bear His gentle yoke,
To turn to Him, the source of every good,
And leave those cisterns filled with earth and mud,
Which never can man's spirit satisfy,
As nothing can but Him who rules on high.
For God alone man's yearning heart was made,
By Him alone its thirst can be allayed.
When the poor drunkard at the bar appears,
And th' awful sentence in confusion hears :
" Depart, you cursed, from your Saviour's sight,
Depart from me the source of life and light ;
I loved you with an everlasting love,
And placed a throne for you in heaven above ;
My thoughts, my life, my blood to you I gave,
And died on Calvary your soul to save.

I knocked, I called, my graces still you spurned,
 And from your Lord and from His love you turned;
 You sold your birthright for the cup accursed:
 Go now and suffer everlasting thirst.
 Go, go for ever to those burning cells,
 Where order none, but endless horror dwells!"

Let 's go in spirit to th' infernal gate,
 And read the drunkard's everlasting fate,
 Who dies impenitent—in sin expires,
 And goes to dwell in everlasting fires;
 And let us tremble while we dare to peep
 At burning Topheth, awful, wide, and deep,
 And hear the cries, the howlings, and the roars,
 As they resound through flaming corridors.
 Let 's not indulge imagination vain,
 But let the word of God those woes explain,
 And holy doctors, who have written well
 Upon the torments and the woes of hell.

That hell exists, no Christian can deny;
 The dogma 's true as that we all shall die,
 But where it is the wise are not agreed;
 But I believe from all the proofs I read,
 That hell, to which the Devil's sin gave birth,
 Is in the bowels of our globe—the earth.
 To picture all its horrors no one can,
 For that exceeds the thoughts of mortal man.

As none on earth can fancy heaven's bliss,
 So no one can the woes of hell's abyss.
 While we in spirit listen at the gate,
 We little see though much we meditate.
 But better view them though we read but some,
 Than ever feel them in the life to come.

And what is hell? A place to punish those
 Who God offend and die their Maker's foes,
 Where devils dwell who sinned in heaven by pride,
 And all those go who take the devil's side,
 And won't obey the Ruler of the sky,
 But rise as rebels and His power defy,
 And won't repent, since God is loving still,
 But unto death resist His holy will.
 And what is hell? a fiery furnace deep,
 Where all the damned shall gnash the teeth and weep,
 And where no wave of boiling metal rolls,
 But boiling waves of tortured human souls—
 A pool of fire, a dismal burning pool,
 Where not a single drop shall ever cool
 The tongues of gluttons in that flaming lake,
 Though much they long their awful thirst to slake;
 A place of darkness fetid and profound,
 Where endless torments, evils, woes abound,
 Where dragons, scorpions, salamanders dire,
 Shall torture sinners in a sea of fire;

A prison dark, where souls are bound in chains,
 And where immovable each soul remains—
 No stir or move to mitigate its pains;
 Pressed down for ever by an awful weight
 Of vengeance, justice, and eternal hate;
 An oven of fire for ever heated—red,
 With fire below, around, and overhead,
 Where souls who once sought every evil way,
 Are “salted with fire” as the Scriptures say.
 Hell’s subtle fire shall enter every pore,
 Shall boil the marrow in the bones—nay, more,
 Shall, though material, burn the soul within,
 And need no fuel but the guilt of sin.
 A fire kindled by the living breath
 Of an angry God—yet never causing death!
 The souls in hell from life would gladly fly;
 No death for them! their worm shall never die.
 The smoke of hell’s sulphureous flames shall rise
 While God is God, and vindicate the skies.
 Ah, who can dwell e’en for a single hour
 With flames that shall the very soul devour?
 Yet millions of endless years shall onward roll,
 And no relief for any suffering soul.
 Count millions of years for every grass that grows,
 And millions of years for every drop that flows,

And millions of years for every grain of sand
 By oceans washed, or trodden on the strand;
 And millions of years for every grain of seed,
 On plant and flower, on herb, and grass, and weed,
 And multiply them to infinity,
 And all that time the damned shall tortured be.
 At th' end of all their sufferings but begin—
 No end in hell to punishment for sin!

In hell each sense shall suffer special pain,
 As it did here its cup of pleasure drain.

No sun or moon shall to the damned appear,
 No sight the eye, no sound shall glad the ear;
 The hand shall touch but what imparts new pain;
 No moment's sleep shall ever ease the brain;
 No pleasing odours shall regale the smell;
 The mouth shall drink but bitter drugs of hell.
 The tongue that often stabb'd the neighbour's fame,
 Shall there be pierced by spikes of lurid flame;
 No ray of hope, nor e'en a ray of light
 Shall cheer the gloom of hell's eternal night,
 But such a horrid light as serves to show
 Their vile companions to the damned below.
 Yes, horrid devils shall alone be seen,
 And ugly souls, the devils damned between,
 And nought in hell shall fill the fetid air,
 But frightful yells and howlings of despair.

Can man conceive what pain it is to be
 Chained to one spot for all eternity?
 What man on earth for thirty years would lie
 On softest couch, though certain not to die,
 In darkened chamber, without human voice
 To speak a word, or bid his soul rejoice;
 And all that time to see no ray of light,
 To tell the noon-day from the dead of night?
 Would any one for all this world bestows,
 On such a couch for thirty years repose?
 But were his couch of heated metal red,
 And were his covering liquid boiling lead!
 And yet that bed were comfort when compared
 With the beds of flame the damn'd have ever shared,
 And ever shall for all eternity;
 And who can say he won't those torments see?
 A dreadful thought indeed for you and me.
 The thought that I may taste eternal death,
 Congeals my blood, and takes away my breath!
 Grant us, O Lord, our future course to shape,
 That we may all devouring flames escape.
 Oh! may we all the path of penance choose,
 And ne'er again Thy heavenly grace abuse.
 If it were possible for any soul
 To suffer all men's pains from pole to pole,

From sickness, sorrow, deaths, and wounds, and burns,
And every source of earthly pain by turns,
E'en though they would to one vast ocean swell,
Yet all were comfort to one pain of hell;
And yet 't is not the pain of sense alone
The souls in hell have ever to bemoan.
Great doctors tell, who sacred lore dispense,
The pain of loss exceeds the pain of sense.
"Depart from Me, thou curséd soul, depart",
Gives greater pain to man's afflicted heart,
When by its God and great Creator spoke,
Than all the flames, the furnace, and the smoke!
"Depart from Me, and from My bliss above;
Depart from Me, the source of life and love;
Depart, and drink what vengeance shall prepare;
The wine of wrath with ugly demons share.
Upon thy soul let floods of sorrow rush,
Let thunders roll and burning mountains crush,
And let my curse of vengeance ever sound
To pierce thy heart with agony profound.
Depart from Me, and from My glory's sight;
Depart, depart, devoid of grace and light.
Thou never soughtest knowledge of My ways,
A filthy idol gained thy love and praise.
Thou hadst thy day thy Maker to offend,
Thou 'lt have thy night—a night without an end.

Go, weep and howl—to pity bid farewell,
Go, burn for ever in the depths of hell!"

The self-reproach of that abandoned soul!
That for the pleasures of the tempting bowl,
Thus lost its God and infinite delights,
And heaven's bliss above the starry heights,
And joys unending, of which human heart
Can ne'er conceive, much less by words impart,
A faint idea—so sublime and great.—
The boundless joys of heaven's thrice blissful state.
And then the thought, how easy 't was to gain
That blissful heaven and that endless train
Of peace and happiness, delight and joy,
And pleasures infinite without alloy.
And, then again, the devil's hate and scorn
Will make it wish it never had been born,
Had never seen or known life's blessed light,
Which now but pains it in eternal night,
Whose darkness more than Egypt's doth affright.

If Esau wept to see what he had got
In sad exchange, and mourned his altered lot,
How must the soul at entering hell's dark gate,
Reproach its folly and bemoan its fate!
This thought eternal gives it greatest pain;
Remember, drunkard, and from drink abstain;

And let the sober praise the Lord and bless,
And shun for ever sinful sad excess.

By the same Author,

TYNDALL AND MATERIALISM.

G L A D S T O N E

AND

THE VATICAN DECREES.

Two Epistles in Verse.

The following very flattering notice of the above Poem on MATERIALISM, appeared in the *San Francisco Monitor and Guardian* of October 16, 1875:—

“ We publish elsewhere, under the title of ‘**PROFESSOR TYNDALL AND MATERIALISM**, one of the most extraordinary poetical productions of the present century. We do not know the author, for it was printed anonymously in Ireland and circulated privately. It created an immense sensation, as well it might, because never has philosophy been put into verse with more grace or ability”.





